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THE DEMOCRAT

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for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements not provided with the number of in-
sertions, will be published until forbid and charged
accordingly.

Publications of a personal nature will be charged
double price.

Letters to the Editors on business connected
with the office, must be post paid, or they will not
be attended to.

[The following beautiful lines "to an only brother,"
were furnished us by a young lady of this town for
whom we had no objection to literary matters, we
have great respect. They breathe throughout
the unimpaired love of a devoted and affectionate
sister.]

TO AN ONLY BROTHER.

Brother, my dearest brother, when a few short
months have flown,
I shall gaze on thy speaking face, and hear thy
voice's tone;

Sweeter than music on the ear, those tones again will
come,
Breathings of childhood's freshness, and of child-
hood's happy home.

For when last I heard thee, dearest, the world to me
was bright,
And my young spirit revel'd then in visions of de-
light,

And amid the scenes I loved, as I ne'er may love
again,
I heard thy words of tenderness, ere grief had left
its stain.

We've changed since then, my brother—on thy brow
there is the trace
Of manhood's deeper feeling, and around thy form
its grace;

And the dark lustre of thine eye, in boyhood's happy
years,
Perchance hath vanished, in an age when smiles are
changed to tears.

And I too, the light hearted girl, am grown a woman
now,
The brightness of mine eye is dim, and care is on
my brow;

The tones of laughter gushing out, in music free
and wild,
All vanished when I ceased to be in years and heart
a child.

Few months have passed, and we have learned life's
mystery and woe—
Too soon we learned the lesson that in age we're
doomed to know;

And amid the cold and sad, we've learned our
hearts to steel,
And youth's fresh and warm emotions have labored
to conceal.

But oh, I feel my brother, in that hour of deep delight
in thy warm embrace will vanish my spirit's long
dark night;

And the future of my girlhood again will freely flow,
As I feel thy kisses on my cheek, thy warm breath
on my brow.

For you too, dearest brother, in thy long deserted
home,
In a sister's fond caresses, shall brighter feelings
come;

Oh, in my spirit do I feel, in that bright hour of joy,
Again I'll be in heart a girl, and thou a happy boy.
Oct. 30, 1837.

[A distant correspondent selected the following
exquisite poetical edition for the "Democrat." It is
from the pen of that gifted authoress, Mrs. Ann.]

SONG OF THE SEASHELL.

I come from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea-weeds, and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his far-distant home;

Encircled by exquisite myrtles and roses,
Still, still, in the deep I am pining to be,
And the low voice within me my fondling declares,
And evermore murmurs the sounds of the sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve, the cool nightingale warbles her note;
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad measure,
And beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float;

Yet I sigh for the loud-breaking billows that roared
Along to the cool coral caverns to flee,
And when guests with officious intrusion accost me,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above,
I have known them the ties they once cherished
forgetting.

Oit trust to new friendship, and cling to new love,
O! it is so hard to preserve true devotion!
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,

And no language is mine but the sounds of the sea.

Truth stranger than Fiction.—The Warren-
town Reporter contains an account of a truly dis-
tressing occurrence which happened in Nash
county, a few days ago. Two children of a wid-
ow lady went to a hen's nest, near a house, and
on putting their hands in the nest, were bitten by
a rattlesnake, which had 21 rattles; and their
mother on going out found them both dead near
the spot. The afflicted mother returned to the
house, when horror to relate, she found her young-
est child scalded to death.—*Milledgeville Rec.*

A good Paraphrase.—On the eve of battle,
an officer came to ask permission to go and see
his father who was on his death bed; "go," said
said the General smiling sarcastically, "you honor
your father and mother that your days may be
long in the land."

Human nature is like a bad clock.—It may
happen to be right now and then or be made to
strike the hour; but its inward frame is to go
wrong.

Right of Petition.—House of Representatives,
October, 6—correspondence of the New York Even-
ing Post:

"Mr. Wise presented a petition from sundry
women of Halifax, N. C., praying Congress to
provide suitable husbands, at the public expense,
for the female petitioners of the north on the sub-
ject of slavery."

Miss Wilberforce.—When Mr. Wilberforce
was a candidate for Hull, his sister, who one day
accompanied him, was applauded by the freemen
with a loud huzza, and the cry of "Miss Wilber-
force forever!" upon which, she wittily replied,
"No—I hope not Miss Wilberforce forever!"

Relief for the Cramp in Stomach.—Warm
water sweetened with molasses or coarse brown
sugar, taken freely, will often remove cramp in
the stomach when opium and other powerful me-
dices have failed.—*Van. Farmer.*

AUTUMN.

Autumn comes. The spring with her flowers
—the summer with her heat and thunder is
past; and autumn—sear fruit autumn appears
at last. Well, so it is—and it has been—and so
it will be, while the seasons come and go over
our earth. Autumn is pleasant,—autumn is
sweet. True, in it there is a shade—a more so-
ber aspect thrown around us. But it is as the
soft twilight of eve, closing over the theatre of
mirth, of bustle and confusion. Like the youth,
who has been, by the flight of time, brought to
the sedateness of manhood—so in autumn. Along
the horizon, the dark hills stretch away, bearing
the heavy forest—the vales are no more a living
green, but they are wide naked—the hand of the
reaper has been there, and night, but the short
yellow stubble, and the fresh, tender growth
which followed the sowing of the seed, lay be-
fore the eye. Plants—the harvest of the year—the
tool of the husbandman is here. Bending to
the earth and loaded to profusion, stands a group
of yonder trees, whose fruit one by one, as the
breeze stirs through its branches, strikes the
earth, ripened and delicious, by the sun and the
rains of the by gone summer. The song of the
bird, wakes not the echoes of autumn—but in its
stead the crickets, beneath the soft, blued
beams of a meridian moon, join in one solemn
song, which throws over the listener, a shroud of
thought, pointing backward to the things which
have been which now are past, and which shall
be no more. Autumn—Autumn—there is a
thousand recollections connected with the season.

I love the season few, who have with me passed
over the flowers of spring—who have laughed
away the sultry hours of summer beneath the pro-
tecting arms of the oak, or took the cool draught
of the bursting spring—I say, I love to meet
them again, when the heat of the summer is tem-
pered away, and Autumn reigns over the wide
earth. I love to repeat the sweet communion
which we have had together. I love to catch the
tear which glistens in their eyes, as they view
along the world below, and catch the expression,
which doubtless said, "All things must fade."—
It seems to me that feeling grows stronger at this
season. It seems as if we, too, with the depart-
ing year, were hastening to a close and that now,
even now, we were treading the threshold of eter-
nity. And again, the rich banquet which is
spread over the earth, inspires us with a noble
gratitude to its Giver and Benefactor. We see
pictured out in "bold relief," the certainty of a
Supreme Being, and cannot refrain from adoring
him for his goodness.

Well, there is an autumn in the life of man.—
Oh! may those whom this season has touched,
smile sweetly amid Spring and Summer—or, in
other words, may they be cheered by the lovely
offspring, whose tread is on the sweetest of flow-
ers, and such as stand proudly amid the ripening
season. Then the Autumn of man is charming.
He can look back and trace his seasons as passed
by him, with calm contemplation, and smiling
serenity—viewing in his imagination, his doleful
few following his steps, slowly approaching the
spot of felicity which he now occupies,—and
fondly stretch his fancy away, when the Autumn,
too, is over, when its last shades lingered on
his, and his followers behind, and the Winter of
death is thrown over the scene.—*Rural Repert.*

Agrarian—"In two years," Sir, we will have
a division of property in this country, and I am
in favor of it.

Citizen—Aye, indeed! How much money
have you now?

Agrarian—Only five dollars.

Citizen—Give that poor fellow who has no
shoes or hat one half.

Agrarian—Give him half of my hard earnings?
Give him a halter. Let him work as I do.

Citizen—Precisely so, my friend, and yet you
and your party would compel the honest industri-
ous to divide their earnings with the idle and the
dissolute.

Read Ladies!—A discourse recently before
the members of the American Institute, states that
there are more silks annually consumed in the
United States than all the wheat, Indian corn, rye,
oats, flaxseed, biscuit, potatoes and hops which
are exported will pay for by two millions of dol-
lars! The annual consumption of silks amount to
the enormous sum of \$7,983,818. Here is a
noble field for the exertions of our modern abstin-
ence societies.

Matrimony.—A little before the Revolution
when Parsons were very scarce in the upper part
of Virginia, a certain English parson relates that
having to stop there once, seven couples came
from a distance to be married at the same time,
and the neighborhood was so thickly settled at that
time, and accommodations so scarce that the seven
couples "advised sleep in an old barn
upon a pile of straw."

Mr. Snooks, what do you value my services
at, a day?" asked an apprentice after dinner.—
"Why I reckon about four pence half penny."

"Well, then, here's three cents—I'm off for the
rest of the day."

"I guess you mean to bring up that are young
one to be pretty sharp at a bargain, said a fellow
to a woman who was rocking and singing with
all her might to a "little responsibility."—"Why?"
said she, "cause you keep bawling 'By low, baby,
by low, baby,' into his ears all the time."

Newspapers.—There are now about one thou-
sand newspapers established in the United States,
from which are issued at a moderate calculation,
one hundred million printed sheets annually, which
if in one continued sheet, would reach four times
from pole to pole; and if embodied in a book
form, would be equal to issuing six volumes as
large as the Bible every minute in the year.

It is said that the Chickasaw Indians are to be
removed, during the present fall, from near Po-
totoe, Mississippi, to Fort Coffee, on the Arkan-
sas river, that they will be taken from Memphis,
up the Arkansas, by water.

Seduction Trial.—James R. Inglis has been
sentenced, in the Sussex county, New-Jer-
sey, Court, to pay the moderate sum of \$300 for
seducing the daughter of Jacob Kemble, a re-
spectable farmer in that county. The Sussex
Register says Inglis had paid his addresses to the
deluded girl for a year.

Criticism.—"Call this a true history!" ex-
claimed a raw critic, striking down his hand upon
Johnson's Lives of the Poets, which was open
at the life of Blackmore, who wrote an elegant
poem on the Creation of the world. "Only look
here now! The fellow says of this here chap—
before his Creation, he wrote three books on the
Nature of Man!"

COLUMBUS, MISS.

VISIT TO HERMITAGE.

[The following letter was written to T. A. S. DOSTHIAN, Esq., of Natchez, by one of the editors of the "Columbus Democrat," and published in a recent number of the Tri-Weekly Free Trader.]

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 28, 1837.

Friend D.—I arrived in this town a few days
since. It is situated on the Cumberland river, which
is navigable half the year for the largest class of
steamboats. The city is about the size of Natchez;
perhaps it contains a larger number of inhabitants,
at least more pretty ladies. Judge Vannorman, for
a time the leading wing candidate for Governor of
Mississippi, and other distinguished gentlemen, have
been passing the room where I am in this place. The
Judge was in haste to decline a call in consequence
of the illness of his lady, who is now on the main.
The place is healthy, and all the necessities of life,
and its location is highly desirable for about one
half what they cost in Mississippi, Middle Tennessee
is the garden of the south-western country.

In company with J. O. BAXTER, Esq., the tal-
ented and accomplished editor of the "Nashville
Union," I visited the Hermitage, which you know
is the residence of the most distinguished American
of the age. He lives about ten miles from the town
entirely free from the noise and bustle incident to a
city life. The house is perhaps half a mile from the
main road—a gate opens to a private avenue which
leads to the dwelling of the retired soldier and
statesman, who, Cincinnati like, has gladly embrac-
ed the quiet of a rural life, after having long and
successfully served his country. The house has
nothing remarkable about it—there are several in
your town more grandly in their exterior and interior.
A portico or gallery extends the length of the house,
both front and rear, each supported by six stately
pillars. A beautiful yard, gently elevated, extends
for some distance in front. The grounds are taste-
fully ornamented with shrubbery.

General JACKSON was in the main hall when we
rude up—he met us at the door after cordially ex-
pressing his esteem for Mr. B. I was introduced. Gen-
eral JACKSON's manner is so easy and familiar, that
every body is perfectly at home in his company. We
found him in fine spirits—his mind appears to
have lost none of its youthful vigor, although time
is gently making inroads upon his noble and com-
manding person—a very good idea of the general
contour of his face and head is conveyed in the
various likenesses with which we frequently meet. He
is inclined to stoop a little, when walking, yet steps
with all the firmness and activity of a man at the
age of thirty. His memory appears to be remark-
ably retentive; he recollects incidents of the revolution-
ary struggle, of the late war, and of the Creek and
Seminole campaigns which were listened to with
great curiosity and interest. Do you know the ori-
gin of his cognomen of "Old Hickory?" After the
battle of New Orleans, when he was returning with
the Kentucky and Tennessee volunteers, he loaned
his horse to a sick soldier in the neighborhood of
Natchez; the General fell in the rear of the army,
and pursued his way on foot. After he had march-
ed some twenty or thirty miles, one of the soldiers
observed to his comrade that "the General would
break down." "No," observed his companion, "he
is tough as hickory." Ever since the occurrence of
the anecdote in 1815, he has borne the title. He re-
collects many incidents with great accuracy; he is
a living history of the age.

The politics of the day formed a prominent topic
of the conversation. Those who have called him
an "ignorant" man, and stigmatized him with other
epithets which I will not repeat, must have had a
"beam in their own eye." He has the history of
looking at his tongue's end; he shed a most of light
upon that subject, as well as upon all others of
which he spoke, that could not fail to instruct and
improve. He deprecates the circulation of change
bills. Shortly after he was first elected President
of the United States, some of the poor market
women came to him with a complaint that they were
seriously injured upon being compelled to receive
the depreciated paper which was then issued by
the corporations of Washington, Georgetown
and Alexandria, in payment of their produce. They
lost twenty-five cents on the dollar in getting their
change into specie. General Jackson told him-
self petitioners that he "had no power over the mat-
ter, but they had; so every morning just form a
resolution among yourselves not to take a cent of it
from one end of the market house to the other." They
did so, and in three days the corporations called
in their unwise issue, and specie circulated in
abundance.

The General has a very fine garden; I called
some choice seeds, which I will divide with you
the first opportunity. The garden is tastefully laid
out in plots, ornamented with various kinds of flowers
and shrubbery. The tomb of his lamented lady is
in one corner of the garden, but a short distance
from his dwelling. It is surrounded by rose bushes,
and the weeping willow, and covered by a plain sum-
mer house. The inscription upon the tomb was
written by Major Lee. She died in 1828, aged 61.

After speaking of her unbounded benevolence and
devout piety, it concludes thus: "A being so gentle
yet so virtuous, so tender and so brave, but could not
dissolve. Even death, when he tore her from the
arms of her husband, could not transport her to the
bosom of her God." You recollect the foul slan-
ders which were heaped upon General Jackson, and
his lady too, during the first canvass. Shame! shame
upon their heartless authors! Although female
deceit may under them, the brave and the good
old man yet survives to receive the blessings of
grateful millions. Long may it be before he shall
occupy the little tenement prepared by the side of
his deceased wife!

The carriage made of the live oak of the frigate
Constitution is looked upon with peculiar interest
by all visitors; it is indeed a beautiful specimen of
American mechanism: The associations connect-
ed with it are peculiarly interesting.

The hall of the General's dwelling is quite elevat-
ed. A beautiful painting decorates one of the walls,
representing the attack made upon the Americans
and others in Mexico, by the degraded and illiterate
population of that ancient and beautiful city. Mr.
Poinsett, the American Minister, walks out upon the
balcony of his residence, accompanied by a high

spirited young Virginian, by the name of Mason,
and unfurled the flag of his country. The stars and
stripes of "our loved land" had a wonderful effect in
allaying the feelings of the excited populace. A
hundred well aimed missiles were diverted from the
mark; and that furious people retired before that
irresistible appeal. That was an instance of the
power of the American flag. A host of Mr. Living-
ston and Mr. Woodbury are kept in the main hall.
In the parlor is a very good likeness of Mrs. Jackson
and Mr. Van Buren.

The dinner was a plain and substantial repast:
Previous to retiring, the General proposed a toast.
"Our absent friends," which was drunk by all. An-
drew Jackson, Jr., and his intelligent and beautiful
sister, and Col. Ewell, one of the most accomplished
gentlemen in America, are of the General's house-
hold.

No one can visit the Hermitage, without being
pleased. Every thing is calculated to make the stay
of those who call, agreeable and pleasant. There
is no display, no ostentation you are at home and
welcome. The Hermitage is almost constantly
thronged with company, and will be so long as its
distinguished owner remains among the living.
And when he has been gathered to his fathers, thou-
sands will make a pilgrimage to his tomb, and bear
away some relic in memory of one of the purest pa-
trists that ever lived.

N. J.
To T. A. DOSTHIAN, Esq.

TO THE FOLLOWING is an extract of a letter from
Col. Gibson to the Editors, received by Express
mail. We are sorry to learn that Col. Gibson is
in bad health. His services in Congress are in-
valuable. We trust that he will be able to be at his post
in December, and keep him the illustrious bul-
ly—*the Thersites of the House.*

Mr. Francis Leach, who has been appointed Re-
ceiver of Public Money for this Land District, is a
gentleman of fine business habits, and irreprocha-
ble character. The appointment is a good one.
"WASHINGTON, Oct. 16, 1837.

"Gentlemen—Congress has just adjourned. We
have passed a bill giving six, twelve, and eighteen
months to the Deposite Bank, to pay the debt they
owe the Government. I have been in bad
health for ten days, and will, in consequence, be
detained here through the recess. Francis Leach,
of Columbus, has been appointed Receiver of Public
Money for the Columbus Land District."

ACTUAL SETTLERS.

We cut to-day from a paper published in the
for west, on the very frontiers of our Union, an
article in reference to the settlers on the public
lands which we commend to their particular at-
tention. Let them meet and unite and send on
petitions demanding their rights. More than
100,000 men are now living on the public lands,
and their voice must be heard. The "Iowa
News" alludes to the eloquent speech of Col.
Claborn delivered last session in defence of the
settlers, a speech which has been published all
over the great west wherever there is an acre of
public land, or a settler to till it. The same pa-
per also publishes Col. Claborn's "Appeal;" in
fact that able address is coming back to us, from
all quarters, by every mail.—We repeat then our
advice to our friends on the public lands.—Let
them make a united effort, and their wishes will
be accomplished at the coming session of Con-
gress.

We would call the particular attention of our
readers to the Address of the Committee appointed
at a meeting in Peoria county, Illinois, on the
subject of Public Lands—a subject of vital im-
portance to every citizen of Wisconsin. We need
not allude to the subject to prevent it to the
right of the settler to the soil, but we would urge
them to give their cooperation in petitioning
Congress for the passage of a Pre-emption law,
as recommended in the address. From the sev-
eral acts passed by Congress, giving the right of
pre-emption, the public in general have taken it
to be the settled policy of the Government to con-
firm its protection, and therefore, the settlers
have been less vigilant in their endeavors to ob-
tain justice. The settlers in the new States and
Territories, in view of these facts, have looked
alone to their delegation in Congress for the pas-
sage of a law, and although they have used all
the means in their power, appealed to the sense
of justice of that body, again and again, they have
failed. The few friends that have been commit-
ted on the Government in some of the southern
States, has been the chief cause of the rejection
of the requests of the new States. With this dis-
position of the members of the old States, and
some of the new, it will require strong efforts to
obtain any thing, but let the settlers take the thing
into their own hands, and use one half the exertions that have
been in the accomplishment of other objects, and
our demands will be granted. The Legislatures
of the new States and Territories may send on
their memorials for the passage of the law, and
be laid on the table, but when the People—the
free and independent People—the source of
all power, speak, they must be heard; and the
members of the old States will soon learn the truth
of the remarks of Mr. Claborn, when he said
that the period was not far distant, when the
people of the west would make themselves heard—
when instead of their humble appeals, they would
make bold demands, holding the power in their
own hands.

Let the settlers on the Public Lands, if they
expect the favorable action of Congress, hold
public meetings in every township, settlement,
or village, pass resolutions expressive of the
sense of the meeting, draft a memorial, every
citizen sign it, and then the friends of the settler
in Congress will have something to ground their
demands upon, and others will see that in the
west, there are thousands whose prayers have
been slighted, asking again for their rights. Let
every man feel, that upon him depends some-
thing, and if all unite we may look for something
to be done.—*Iowa News.*

"The New Orleans Bee states that the same
speech was published in London and in Paris.

Regret.—A habitual drunkard, having found in
a dream a cup of excellent wine, set about war-
ning it to enjoy it with the more good. But just
as he was about to quaff this delicious draught, he
awoke. "What a fool am I," said he, "why was
I not content to drink it cold!"

RON. JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The New York Courier and Enquirer, the or-
gan of Bank-whiggery in that great city, and a
paper in high standing with our neighbors of the
"Argos," thus speaks of Mr. Calhoun.

"After the preliminary flourish with which
Mr. Calhoun's speech was introduced, we ex-
pected much more than has been realized. The
modified Republicanism of his age, for the gradual
collection of the revenues in the proceeds of the
tariff, is calculated merely to give encouragement to
Loco Focoism, without in the least touching the
present exigencies of the country."

We cannot but consider the movement of Mr.
Calhoun on Wednesday, as probably a timely one—
believing that Mr. Wright's expected modifica-
tion of his anti-slavery principles, is a most perni-
cious and dangerous principle. It gives new
strength to Mr. Benton and Mr. Van Buren, and
throws Mr. Calhoun into the strange company
of Mr. Niles of New-England, and Mr. Wright of
New York. It is to suppose the country with
these special circulars instead of one—and be-
cause we have not sufficiently suffered from the
temporary special hindrance of General Jack-
son, it is to introduce two more permanent spe-
cial circulars for the custom house and the post office."

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Calhoun himself
is charged with the very same doctrines that our
whig neighbors have uniformly denounced Mr.
Van Buren for enouncing—though the whole
statement is a caricature and distorted repre-
sentation of Mr. Van Buren's real opinions. We copy
the article, though as one of the signs of the
time. Henceforth the millinery of the Bank and
of the whig party in its interest is to be levelled
at Mr. Calhoun as well as at Mr. Van Buren.

There is one part of Gen. Foote's address
which we feel bound to state that we attach no
credit to, whatever, viz: the confession of Mer-
cer Bird, the man who was hung for the murder
of "Cameo"—We look upon it as originating
from the condemned culprit in the deepest spirit
of revenge, for the commendable zeal with which
Major McNutt, (as every other good citizen
would have done similarly situated) prosecuted
the prisoner, and brought him to the scaffold, to
expiate a crime of the darkest dye. Gen. Foote
says he does not, and has not charged Major
McNutt with being in any manner connected
with this horrid tragedy, further than the statement
of Mercer Bird, in his last dying confession,
which he gives to the world, as coming from his
author.

We say again, that we look upon it as origi-
nating from Bird, in a spirit of revenge, and the
deepest hatred for the individual who brought
him to the gallows. We are opposed to Major
McNutt, and always have been in a political point
of view, but we are opposed to him upon higher
grounds than any that can be deemed him re-
sponsible to his private character, for we look upon
him as a gentleman of unimpaired honor.—
The Anti-Slavery Advocate.

HON. A. G. MCNUTT.

The tongue of calumny has been let loose up-
on this gentleman with more industry than is
usual among candidates for popular honors. It is
sometimes surprising to witness the violence of
party rancor, and the intensity of personal hate
with which some men are pursued, who are
themselves examples of excellent moral charac-
ter, and kindly good feelings to their fellow men.
It is thus with Alexander G. McNutt, the favorite
candidate of the northern counties for Governor.
Who, that knows any thing of Mr. McNutt, and
his personal standing in the town in which he
lives, would believe that a charge could be
brought against him of being accessory to the
murder of a fellow man, and that man a friend
and partner in business! Yet such is the fact.
This charge has been brought before the
public by Gen. H. S. Foote; but from the re-
futation of it, which appeared in the "Mississippi-
an," a portion of which we re-publish this week, it
is not certain that Foote has himself expressed a
belief in its truth. It seems rather to have been
thrown out upon the popular breeze for the pur-
pose of injuring Major McNutt, wherever it
might chance to strike, unaccompanied by or out
of the reach of the damning refutation which his
political opponents themselves have thought prop-
er to publish.

We cannot believe that any man of the smallest
modicum of common sense would believe it. If,
then, it is asked why we publish the refutation,
we answer, simply that Mr. McNutt may enjoy
that resection in public opinion, even among his
opponents, which the best feelings of the human
heart are sure to produce, when an attempt is
made to crush an estimable citizen by persecu-
tion, calumny, and defamation. Read the tradi-
tionary of thirty-two gentlemen of the very first
respectability residing in Vicksburg, all Whigs
and political opponents of Mr. McNutt. Further
comment is needless.—*Chickasaw Union.*

GEN. A. G. BROWN, OF COPIAH.

Some weeks since we stated in an editorial ar-
ticle that Gen. Brown, in conjunction with Col.
Buchner Harris, had "permeated the private feel-
ings to predominate over political principle, and
thus presented themselves in the attitude of traitors
to the democratic party." We have since
received satisfactory information that General
Brown did not take a stand against Col. Gibson
by causing tickets to be printed without his name,
&c., as we had been informed he did; we there-
fore, cheerfully relieve him from the imputation,
and at the same time, express our regret that
Col. Gibson at the last election, he may also re-
ceive these remarks as apologetic in his case.—
Free Trader.

At a late celebration of the old bachelors at
Bloomington, Indiana, the following villainous
toast was drunk:

"The Fair!—Saints in the churches—angels
in the ball room—and devils in the kitchen."

Unprecedented increase of population.—We
spent some weeks at the village of Chicago, Illi-
nois, in the spring of 1837. At that time the town
contained about a dozen miserable log huts, and
the rough buildings which compose Fort Dear-
born. It now contains a population of eight or
ten thousand. There are upwards of two hun-
dred stores; and two of the largest sized news-
papers are published here.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

A wise and frugal Government, which shall re-
strain men from injuring one another—shall leave
them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits
of industry and improvements, and shall not take
from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned.

Equal and exact justice to all men.

The support of the State governments in all
their rights, as the most competent administra-
tions for our domestic concerns, and the strict
bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies.

The Preservation of the General Government
in its whole constitutional vigor.

A jealous care of the right of election by the
people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses,
which are hoped by the sword of revolution,
where peaceful remedies are unprovided.

Absolute acquiescence in the decision of the
majority, the vital principle of republics, from
which there is no appeal but to force—the vital
principle and immediate parent of despotism.

Economy in the public expense, that later may
be lightly borne.

The honest payment of our debts, and sacred
preservation of the public faith.

Encouragement of agriculture, and of com